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BY JOHN MILTON

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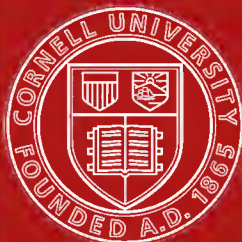
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Literature Series, No. I

MILTON'S "COMUS," 1637

*This Edition is limited to Five Hundred and Twenty
Copies, of which Twenty are on Japan paper*

COMUS

“*A Maske* Presented at Ludlow
Castle, 1634”

BY JOHN MILTON

Reproduced in *Facsimile* from the First
Edition of 1637

With an Introductory Note by

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

1903

Introductory Note

MILTON'S little play *Comus*, the first edition of which is herewith reproduced in facsimile, is the author's first book and, after *Paradise Lost*, is considered his most important work. In this first edition, as will be seen, it is called simply "A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle," etc., and in the two collected editions of Milton's minor Poems published during his lifetime, the first in 1645 and the second in 1673, the title is the same. *Comus*, the name of one of the principal characters, was, it seems, given to the "Maske" by some later editor.

At the time *Comus* was written and acted, "1634, on Michaelmasse Night," the 29th of September, Milton was in his twenty-sixth year. Although he had already written a number of pieces both in English and Latin, only one had, apparently, been printed. This was his little poem of sixteen lines, *An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakespeare*, which is found, but without author's name, among the prefatory verses in the Second Folio, printed in 1632.

Even when this little play was printed in 1637 Milton seems to have been diffident about acknowledging the authorship. It was very probably printed with his permission, as the motto on the title, from Virgil, was evidently selected by him. Masson paraphrases this :

"Ah ! wretched and undone ! Myself to have brought
The wind among my flowers !"

The dedication, it will be noticed, is written and signed by H. Lawes, whose reason for printing is said to be "that

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the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my severall friends satisfaction." This Lawes was one of the most famous composers of music of the time in England, and it was under his direction and to his music that the "Maske" was produced at Ludlow Castle. The occasion was the celebration of the entry of the Earl of Bridgewater upon the Welsh Presidency, and the place was the Great Hall of Ludlow Castle, in which, according to tradition, the elder of the two Princes murdered in the Tower had been proclaimed King, with the title of Edward V, before commencing his fatal journey to London.

The play contains six speaking parts only. Of these, the most important, "The Attendant Spirit," was taken by Lawes, the director of the play and author of the music. The part of "The Lady" was taken by Lady Alice Egerton, youngest daughter of the Earl, then about fifteen years of age. The parts of the "Elder Brother" and the "Second Brother" were played by the two younger brothers of Lady Alice, Viscount Brackley, to whom this printed edition is dedicated, and Mr. Thomas Egerton. These two young noblemen had already had a taste of stage acting, having taken juvenile parts in Carew's *Coelum Britannicum*, which had been performed the previous February in the royal Banqueting-house at Whitehall, in which the King himself, Charles I, took part.

The stage-copy, or one of them, perhaps in Lawes' own autograph, is still preserved in the library at Bridgewater House, and the music of five of the six songs, in Lawes' own autograph, is in the British Museum.

An earlier draft of the poem in Milton's own handwriting is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, in that precious thin folio of forty-six pages (besides eight blank pages), mostly in Milton's own hand, and containing all but a few of the minor English Poems.

The first edition is, needless to say, very rare, only one copy having been offered at auction in America. That, a fine one, bound by Matthews, brought \$425.00 in the Ives

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sale in 1891. A copy sold at Sotheby's in 1894, in the sale of the library of Sir Joseph Hawley, brought £123, and another in 1899, from the library of the Rev. William Makellar, brought £150. This latter copy is now in the library of Mr. E. D. Church, of New York city. We are indebted to him for the privilege of making this facsimile.

L. S. L.

A M A S K E

PRESENTED

At Ludlow Castle,

1 6 3 4 :

On Michaelmasse night, before the

RIGHT HONORABLE,

JOHN Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount BRACKLY,

Lord President of WALES, And one of

His MAJESTIES most honorable

Privie Counsell.

*Eheu quid volui misero miki : storibus austrum
Perditus* —————

L O N D O N,

Printed for HUMPHREY ROBINSON,

at the signe of the *Three Pidgeons* in

Pauls Church-yard: 1 6 3 7.



TO THE RIGHT

HONORABLE,

JOHN Lord Vicount BRACLY,

Son and heire apparent to the Earle,
of Bridgewater, &c.

MY LORD,

THis Poem, which receiv'd its
first occasion of birth from your
selfe, and others of your noble
familie, and much honour from
your own Person in the performance, now
returns againe to make a finall dedication
of it selfe to you. Although not openly
acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a
legitimate off-spring, so lovely, and so
much desired, that the often copying of
it hath tir'd my pen to give my severall
A 2 friends

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*friends satisfaction, and brought me to a
necessitie of producing it to the publick
view; and now to offer it up in all rightfull
devotion to those faire hopes, and rare
Endowments of your much-promising
Youth, which give a full assurance, to all
that know you, of a future excellence.
Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your
Name, and receive this as your owne,
from the hands of him, who hath by many
favours beene long oblig'd to your most
honour'd Parents, and as in this repræ-
sentation your attendant Thyrsis, so now
in all reall expression*

Your faithfull, and most

humble Servant,

H. LAVVES.



A M A S K E
PERFORMED BEFORE
the Præsident of W A L E S
at Ludlow, 1 6 3 4.

The first Scene discovers a wild
wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starrie threshold of *loves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright æreall Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions mild of calme and serene aire,
Above the smoake and stirre of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keepe up a fraile, and feaverish being
Vnmindfull of the crowne that Vertue gives
After this mortall change to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire

B

To

To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That ope's the palace of Æternity :
 To such my errand is, and but for such
 I would not soile these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the ranck vapours of this Sin-worne mould.

But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Streame
 Tooke in my lot 'twixt high, and neather *Love*
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles
 That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
 The unadorned bosome of the Deepe,
 Which he to grace his tributarie gods
 By course commits to severall government
 And gives them leave to weare their Saphire crowns,
 And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
 The greatest, and the best of all the maine
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
 A noble Peere of mickle trust, and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughtie Nation proud in Armes :
 Where his faire off-spring nurs'd in Princely lore
 Are comming to attend their Fathers state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this dreare wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shadie brows
 Threats the forlorne and wandering Passinger.
 And here their tender age might suffer perill
 But that by quck command from *Sovereigne Love*
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard,
 And listen why, for I will tell yee now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song

From

From old, or moderne Bard in hall, or bowre.

Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape
Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-us'd Wine
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
Coasting, the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
On *Circes* Island fell (who knowes not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a growling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks
With Iyie berries wreath'd, and his blith youth
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son.
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full growne age
Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd
Excells his Mother at her mightie Art
Offering to every wearie Travailer
His orient liquor in a Chrystall glasse
To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they tast
(For most doe tast through fond intemperate thirst)
Soone as the Potion works, their humane count'nance
Th'expresse resemblance of the gods is chang'd
Into some brutish forme of Wolfe, or Beare
Or Ounce, on Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect in their miserie,
Not once perceive their foule disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends; and native home forget

To roule with pleasure in a sensuall stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Love*
 Chances to passe through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Starre
 I shoote from heav'n to giue him safe convoy,
 As now I doe : but first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* wooffe,
 And take the weeds and likenesse of a Swaine,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roare,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of lesse faith,
 And in this office of his Mountaine watch,
 Likeliest, and neereſt to the present aide
 Of this occasion. But I heare the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewlesse now.

*Comus enters with a Charming rod in one hand,
 his Glasse in the other, with him a rout of
 Monsters headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
 but otherwise like Men and Women, their apparell
 glistring, they come in making a riotous and unruly
 noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The starre that bids the Shepheard fold,
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Carre of Day
 His glowing Axle doth allay,
 In the steepe *Atlantik* streame,
 And the slope Sun his upward beame
 Shoots against the duskie Pole,
 Pacing toward the other gole

Of

Of his Chamber in the East.
 Meane while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelrie,
 Tisfie dance, and Jollitie,
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Striét Age, and sowre Severitie
 With their graue Sawes in slumber lie.
 We that are of puer fire,
 Immitate the starrie quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Spheares,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Yeares.
 The Sounds; and Seas with all their finnie drove,
 Now to the Moone in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brooke, and Fountaine brim,
 The Wood-nymphs deckt with daisiestrim,
 Their merry wakes, and pastimes keepe,
 What hath night to doe with sleepe?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come let us our rights begin
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
 Which these dun shades will ne're report.
 Haile Goddesse of Nocturnall sport
 Dark-vaild *Cotytte*, t'whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burnes; mysterious Dame
 That ne're at call'd, but when the Dragon woome
 Of Strygian darknesse spets her thickest gloome

And makes one blot of all the aire,
 Stay thy clowdie *Ebon* chaire,
 Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
 Vs thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out
 Ere the blabbing Easterne scout
 The nice Morne on th' *Indian* steepe
 From her cabin'd loop hole peepe,
 And to the tel-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beate the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

The Mesare.

Breake off, breake off, I feele the different pace
 Of some chaft footing neere about this ground,
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes, and Trees
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charmes
 And to my wilie trains, I shall e're long
 Be well stock't with as faire a Heard as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurle
 My dazling Spells into the spungie aire
 Of power to cheate the eye with bleare illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my queint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under faire praetents of friendly ends,
 And wel plac't words of glozing courtesie
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible

Wind

Wind me into the easie hearted man,
 And hug him into snares; when once her eye
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appeare some harimlesse Villager
 Whom thrift keepe^s up about his Country geare
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her buisnesse here.

The Ladie enters.

This way the noise was, if mine eare be true
 My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
 Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
 Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesome Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thanke the gods amisse. I should be loath
 To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Wassailers; yet ô where else
 Shall I informe my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Vnder the spreading favour of these Pines
 Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weeds,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* waine.
 But where they are, and why they came not back
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest

They

They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darknesse, ere they could returne,
 Had stolne them fromme, else o'theevish Night
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end
 In thy darke lanterne thus close up the Stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oile to give due light
 To the misted, and lonely Travailer.
 This is the place, as well as I may guesse
 Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rise, and perfect in my listening eare,
 Yet nought but single darknesse doe I find,
 What might this be? a thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memorie
 Of calling-shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And ayrie tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wilderesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience. —
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope
 Thou flittering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish't forme of Chastitie
 I see yee visibly, and now beleieve
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance
 Would send a glistering Guardian if need were
 To keepe my life, and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turne forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not erre, there does a fables cloud
 Turne forth her silver lining on the night

And

And casts a gleame over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard fardest
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not farre off.

Song.

*Sweet echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy ayrie shell
 By slow Meander's margent greene,
 And in the violet-imbroider'd vale
 Where the lowe-lorne Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.*

*Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Paire
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowrie Cave,
 Tell me but where*

*Sweet Queen of Parlie, Daughter of the Sphere,
 So maist thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.*

Com. Can any mortall mixture of Earths mould
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment:
 Sure something holy lodges in that brest,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal aire
 To testifie his hidden residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of Silence, through the emptie-vaulted night
 At every fall smoothing the Raven downe
 Of darknesse till she smil'd: I have oft heard

C

My

My mother *Circe* with the Sirens three
 Amidst the flowrie-kirtl'd *Naiades*
 Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soule
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense
 And in sweet madnesse rob'd it of it selfe,
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking blisse
 I never heard till now. Ile speake to her
 And she shall be my Queene. Haile forreine wonder
 Whom certaine these rough shades did never breed
 Vnlesse the Goddesse that in rurall sbrine
 Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleake unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending Eares,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreame shift
 How to regaine my sever'd companie
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance good Ladie hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknesse, and this leavie Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neere-usher'ing

La. They left me weary on a grassie terrace. (guides?)

Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seeke i'th vally some coole friendly Spring.

Co. And left your faire side all unguarded Ladie?

La. They were but twain, & purpos'd quick return.

Co.

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Co. Imports their losse, beside the present need ?

La. No lesse then if I should my brothers lose,

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazord lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came ,

And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate ;

I saw them under a greene mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill ,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,

Their port was more then humane; as they stood,

I tooke it for a faerie vision

Of some gay creatures of the element

That in the colours of the Rainbow live

And play i'th plighted clouds, I was aw-strooke,

And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seeke

It were a journey like the path to heav'n

To helpe you find them, *La.* Gentle villager

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubbie point.

La. To find out that good shepheard I suppose

In such a scant allowance of starre light

Would overtask the best land-pilots art

Without the sure guesse of well-practiz'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley greene

Dingle, or bushie dell of this wild wood,

And every boskie bourne from side to side

My daylie walks and ancient neighbourhood,

And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thack't palate rowse, if otherwise
 I can conduct you Ladie to a low
 But loyall cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest'. *La.* Shepheard I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoakie rafters, then in tapstrie halls,
 And courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most prætended: in a place
 Lesse warranted then this, or lesse secure
 I cannot be, that I should feare to change it,
 Eye me blest Providence, and square my triall
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepheard lead on.—

The two Brothers.

Eld bro. Vnmuffle yee faint stars, and thou fair moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon
 Stoope thy pale visage through an amber cloud
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that raigns here
 In double night of darknesse, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper
 Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light
 And thou shalt be our starre of *Arcadie*
 Or *Tyrian Cynosure*. *2 Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happinesse, might we but heare
 The folded flocks pen'd in their wastled cores,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock

Count

Count the night watches to his featherie Dames,
 T'would be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumèrous bowes.
 But ô that haplesse virgin our lost sister
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold banke is her boulder now
 Or 'gainst the rugged barke of some broad Elme
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright
 Or while we speake within the direfull graspe
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat ?

Eld: bro. Peace brother, be not over exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertaine evils ;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknowne
 What need a man forestall his date of griefe
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Feare
 How bitter is such selfe-delusion ?
 I doe not thinke my sister so to seeke
 Or so unprincip'l'd in vertues book
 And the sweet peace that goodnesse bosoms ever
 As that the single want of light, and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calme thoughts
 And put them into mil-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to doe what vertue would
 By her owne radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunck, and Wisedoms selfe
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings

That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all to ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his owne cleere brest
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
 But he that hides a darke foule, and foule thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun,
 Himselfe is his owne dungeon.

2. *Bro.* 'Tis most true
 That musing meditation most affects
 The Pensive secrecie of desert cell
 Farre from the cheerfull haunt of men, and heards,
 And sits as safe as in a Senathouse
 For who would rob an Hermit of his weeds
 His few books, or his beades, or maple dish,
 Or doe his gray hairs any violence?
 But beautie like the faire Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with uninchantèd eye
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unshin'd heaps
 Of misers treasure by an outlaws den
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will winke on opportunitie
 And let a single helpless maiden passe
 Vninjur'd in this wild surrounding wast.
 Of night, or lonelinessse it reckes me not
 I feare the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I doe not brother
 Inferre, as if I thought my sisters state

Secure

Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
 Yet where an equall poise of hope, and feare
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather then feare
 And gladly banish squint suspition.
 My sifter is not so defencelesse left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden strength
 Vnlesse the strength of heav'n, if meane that :

Eld. Bro. I meane that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her owne :

'Tis chastitie, my brother, chastitie:
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steele,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrowes keene
 May trace huge forrests, and unharbour'd heaths
 Infamous hills, and sandie perillous wilds
 Where through the sacred rays of chastitie
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneeto
 Will dare to soyle her virgin puritie
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades.
 She may passe on with unblench't majestie
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evill thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen
 Blew meager hag, or stubborne unlayd ghost
 That breaks his magicke chaines at curfeu time
 No goblin, or swart Faërie of the mine
 Has hurtfull power ore true virginity.
 Doe yee beleeve me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece

To

To testifie the armes of Chastitie?
 Hence had the huntresse *Dian* her dred bow
 Faire silver-shafted Queene for ever chaste
 Wherewith we tam'd the brinded lionesse
 And spotted mountaine pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
 Fear'd her sterne frowne, & she was queen oth' woods,
 What was that snake headed *Gorgon* sheild
 That wife *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd virgin
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone:
 But rigid looks of Chast austeritie
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blanke aw.
 So deare to heav'n is faintly chastitie
 That when a soule is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackie her
 Driving farre off each thing of sinne, and guilt,
 And in cleere dreame, and solemne vision
 Tell her of things that no grosse care can heare,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beame on th' outward shape
 The unpolluted temple of the mind
 And turnes it by degrees to the soules essence
 Till all bee made immortall; but when lust
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foule talke
 But most by leud, and lavish act of sin
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soule growes clotted by contagion,
 Imbodied, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
 The divine propertie of her first being.
 Such are those thick, and gloomie shadows damp
 Oft scene in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
 Hovering,

Hovering, and sitting by a new made grave
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't it selfe by carhall sensualitie
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Bro. How charming is divine Philosophie !
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But muscicall as is *Apollo's* lute,
 And a perpetuall feast of nectar'd sweets
 Where no crude surfet reigns. *Eld:bro.* Lift, lift I heare
 Some farre off hallow breake the silent aire,

2 Bro. Me thought so too, what should it be ?

Eld:bro. For certaine
 Either some one like us night founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour wood man, or at worst
 Some roaving robber calling to his fellows.

2 Bro. Heav'n keepe my sister, agen agen and neere,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld:bro. Ile hallow,
 If he be friendly he comes well, if not
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you, speake,
 Come not too neere, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my yong Lord? speak agen.

2 Bro. O brother 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld:bro. *Thyrsis?* whose artfull strains have oft de-
 The huddling brook to heare his madrigale, (layd
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,
 How cam'st thou here good Swaine, hath any ram
 Slip't from the fold, or yong kid lost his dam,
 Or straggl'ing weather the pen't flock forsook,

D

How

How couldst thou find this darke sequester'd nook ?

Spir. O my lov'd masters heire, and his next joy
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a strayd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolfe, not all the fleecie weakli
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But ô my virgin Ladie where is she,
How chance she is not in your companie ?

Eld:bro. To tell thee sadly shepheard, without blame
Or our neglect, wee lost her as wee came.

Spir. Aye me unhappie then my fears are true.

Eld:bro. What fears good *Thyrsis* ? prethee briefly

Spir. Ile tell you, 'tis not vaine, or fabulous (shew.
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poëts taught by th'heav'nly Muse
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Iles
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelieve is blind.

Within the navill of this hideous wood
Immur'd in cypresse shades a Sorcerer dwells
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* borne, great *Comus*,
Deepe skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirstie wanderer
By flie enticement gives his banefull cup
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenesse of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts

That

That brow this bottome glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howle
 Like stab'd wolves, or tigers at their prey
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
 Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
 T'inveigle, and invite th'unwarie sense
 Of them that passe unweeting by the way.
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'ne their supper on the savourie herbe
 Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold
 I sate me downe to watch upon a bank
 With ivie-canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting hony-suckle, and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
 To meditate my rural minstrellie
 Till fancie had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roare was up amidst the woods,
 And filld the aire with barbarous dissonance
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while
 Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleepe.
 At last a soft, and solemne breathing sound
 Rose like a steame of rich distill'd Perfumes
 And stole upon the aire, that even Silence
 Was tooke e're she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all eare,
 And took in strains that might create a soule
 Vnder the ribs of Death, but ô ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice

Of my most honour'd Lady your deare sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grieve and feare,
 And ô poore haplesse nightingale thought I
 How sweet thou sing'st, how neere the deadly snare !
 Then downe the lawns I ran with headlong hast
 Through paths, and turnings often trod by day
 Till guided by mine eate I found the place
 Where that dam'd wifard hid in flie disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met.
 Alreadie, ere my best speed could prævent
 The aidlesse innocent Ladie his with't prey,
 Who gently ask't if he had seene such two
 Supposing him some neighbour villager ;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soone I guesst
 Yee were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight till I had found you here,
 But farther know I not. 2. Bro. O night and shades
 How are yee joyn'd with hell in triple knot
 Against th'unarmed weaknesse of one virgin
 Alone, and helplesse ! is this the confidence
 You gave me brother ? Eld: bro. Yes, and keep it still,
 Leane on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me ; 'against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcerie, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firme,
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harme,
 Shall in the happie trial prove most glorie.
 But evill on it selfe shall backe recoyle
 And mixe no more with goodnesse, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it selfe.

It shall bee in eternall restlesse change
 Selfe fed, and selfe consum'd, if this faile
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenesse,
 And earths base built on stubble. But come let's on
 Against th' opposing will and arme of heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the greisly legions that troope
 Vnder the footie flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyies and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous bugs
 'Twixt *Africa*, and *Inde*, Ile find him out
 And force him to restore his purchase backe
 Or drag him by the curles, and cleave his scalpe
 Downe to the hipps.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
 But here thy sword can doe thee little stead,
 Farrer other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts
 And crumble all thy sinewes.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee shepheard
 How durst thou then thy selfe approach so neere
 As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Ladie from surprisall
 Brought to my mind a certaine shepheard lad
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every vertuous plant, and healing herbe
 That spreads her verdant lease to th' morning ray,
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grasse

Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
 And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names
 Telling their strange, and vigorous faculties,
 Amongst the rest a small unfightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leafe was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Countreie, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyle:
 Vnknowne, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayne
 Treads on it dayly with his clouted shoone,
 And yet more med'cinall is it then that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Nlysses* gave,
 He call'd it *Hamony*, and gave it me
 And bad me keepe it as of soveraine use
 Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp
 Or gastly furies apparition;
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true, for by this means
 I knew the foule inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off, if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when wee goe) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall,
 Where if he be, with dauntlesse hardihood
 And brandish't blade rush on him, breake his glasse,
 And shed the lushious liquor on the ground
 But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Feirce signe of battaile make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoake,
 Yet will they soone retire, if he but shrinke

Eld:

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis lead on apace Ile follow thee,
And some good angell beare a sheild before us.

The Scene Changes to a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousnesse, soft musicke, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appeares with his rabble, and the Ladie set in an enchanted chaire to whom he offers his glasse, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay Ladie sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nervs are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue; or as *Daphne* was
Rootbound that fled *Apollo*.

La. Foole doe not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedome of my mind
Withall thy charms, although this corporall rind
Thou hast immanacl'd, while heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext Ladie, why doe you frowne:
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies farre: see here beall the pleasures
That fancie can beget on youthfull thoughts
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in primrose season.
And first behold this cordial julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystall bounds
With spirits of balme, and fragrant syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*
In *Aegypt* gave to Iove borne *Helena*.
Is of such power to stirre up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so coole to thirst.
Why should you be so cruell to your selfe,

And

And to those daintie limms which nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacie?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deale like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other termes,
 Scorning the unexempt condition,
 By which all mortall frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toile, ease after paine,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And tiniely rest have wanted, but faire virgin
 This will restore all soone.

La. T'will not false traitor,
 T'will not restore the truth and honestie
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? what grim aspects are these,
 These ougly-headed monsters? Mercie guard me!
 Hence with thy brewd enchantments foule deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgerie,
 And wouldst thou seek againe to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draft for *Iuno* when she banquets
 I would not tast thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a wel-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnesse of men! that lend their cares
 To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* furre,
 And fetch their præcepts from the *Cynick* tub,
 Praising the leane, and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth

With

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable
 But all to please, and sate the curious tast ?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plentie, in her owne loyhs
 She hurch't th'all worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with ; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear streame, and nothing wearé but Freize,
 Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not halfe his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her wast fertilitie ; (plumes,
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd aire dark't with
 The heards would over-inultitude their Lords,
 The sea ore-fraught would swell, and th'unfought dia-
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep, (monds
 And so bestudde with stars that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 Lift Ladie be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same-vaunted name Virinitie,
 Beautie is natures coine, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutuall and partaken blisse,
 Unfavourie in th'injoyment of it selfe

If you let slip time , like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalke with languish't head.
 Beautie is natures brag , and must be showne
 In courts, at feasts , and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keepe home,
 They had their name thence ; course complexions
 And cheeks of sorrie graine will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morne
 There was another meaning in these gifts ?
 Thinke what , and be adviz'd, you are but yong yet.

Læ. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd aire, but that this Jugler
 Would thinke to charme my judgement, as mine eyes
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garbe.
 I hate when vice can bolt her argumentts
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride :
 Impostor doe not charge most innocent nature
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she good catereffe
 Means her provision only to the good
 That live according to her sober laws
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance ,
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate, and befitting share
 Of that which lewdy-pamper'd Luxurie
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excessse,
 Natures full blessings would be well dispent't.
 In unsuperfluous even proportion;
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,

And

And then the giver would be better thank't,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne're looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with belott'd base ingratitude
 Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I goe on ?
 Or have I said enough ? to him that dares
 Arme his profane tongue with reproachfull words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastitie
 Faine would I something say, yet to what end ?
 Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soule to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mysterie
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginitie,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More hapinesse then this thy præscent lot.
 Enjoy your deere Wit, and gay Rhetorick
 That hath so well beene taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to heare thy selfe convinc't;
 Yet should I trie, the uncontroled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high
 Were shatter'd into heaps ore thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feele that I doe feare
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortall, yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o' e, as when the wrath of *Iove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chaines of *Erebus*
 To some of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come; no more,

This is meere morall babble, and direct'
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And setlings of a melancholy blood;
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the blisse of dreams. Be wise, and tast.—

*The brothers rush in with swords drawne, wrest his
 glasse out of his hand, and breake it against the
 ground; his rout make signe of resistance, but are
 all driven in; the attendant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O yee mistooke, yee should have Inatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power
 Wee cannot free the Ladie that sits here
 In stonie fetters fixt, and motionlesse;
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethinke me,
 Some other meanes I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt
 The soothest shepheard that ere pipe't on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not farre from hence
 That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn* stream;
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilome shee was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
 That had the scepter from his father *Brute*.
 She guiltlesse damsell flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*.
 Commended her faire innocence to the flood
 That stay'd her flight with his crosse-flowing course,
 The

The water Nymphs that in the bottome playd
 Held up their pearled wrists and tooke her in,
 Bearing her straite to aged *Nereus* hall
 Who piteous of her woes reatd her lanke head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strewd with asphodil,
 And through the porch, and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oyles till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quicke, immortall change
 Made goddesse of the river; still she retaines
 Her maiden gentlenesse, and oft at eve
 Visits the heards along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill lucke signes
 That the shrewd medling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious viold liquors heales.
 For which the shepheards at their festivalls
 Carroll her goodnesse lowd in rusticke layes,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her streame
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudie daffadills.
 And, as the old Swaine said, she can unlocke
 The clasping charme, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin such as was her selfe
 In hard besetting need, this will I trie
 And adde the power of some adjuring verse.

*Song.**Sabrina faire*

*Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glasseie, coole, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lillies knitting*

*The loose traine of thy amber-dropping haire ,
 Listen for deare honours sake
 Goddesse of the silver lake
 Listen and save.*

Listen and appeare to us
 In name of great *Oceanus*,
 By th earth shaking *Neptun's* mace
 And *Tethys* grave majesticke pace,
 By hoarie *Nereus* wrinckled looke ,
 And the *Carpathian* wifards hooke ,
 By scalie *Tritons* winding shell.
 And old sooth saying *Glaucus* spell ,
 By *Leucothea's* ovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By *Thetis* tinsel-flipper d feet ;
 And the songs of *Sirens* sweet ,
 By dead *Parthenope's* deare tomb,
 And faire *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Vpon thy streams with wilie glance,
 Rise, rise and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-paven bed ,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave
 Till thou our summons answerd have.

Listen and save.

*Sabrina rises attended by water Nymphes and sings.
 By the russhie fringed banke,
 Where growes the willow and the osier dancke
 My sliding chariot stayes,*

Thick

*Thicke set with agat , and the azurne sheene
 Of turkkis blew , and Emrould greene
 That in the channell strages,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printlesse feet
 Ore the comslips velvet head ,
 That bends not as I tread ,
 Gentle swaine at thy request
 I am here.*

*Spir. Goddesse deare
 Wee implore thy powerfull hand
 To undoe the charm d band
 Of true virgin here distrest,
 Through the force , and through the wile
 Of unblest inchanter vile.*

*Sab. Shepheard tis my office best
 To helpe insnared chastitie ;
 Brightest Ladie looke on me ,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
 Drops that from my fountaine pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seate
 Smear'd with gummes of glutenous heate
 I touch with chaste palmes moist and cold,
 Now the spell hath lost his hold.
 And I must hast ere morning houre
 To waite in *Amphitrite's* bowre.*

Sabrina

*Sabrina descends and the Ladie rises out
of her seate.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*
Sprung of old *Anchises* line
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never misse
From a thousand pettie rills,
That tumble downe the snowie hills :
Summer drouth, or singed aire
Never scorch thy tresses faire,
Nor wet Octobers torrent flood
Thy molten crySTALL fill with mudde,
May thy billowes rowle a shoare
The beryll, and the golden ore,
May thy loftie head be crown'd
With many a tower, and terrasse round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come Ladie while heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this curst place,
Lest the forcerer us intice
With some other new device.
Not a wast, or needlesse sound
Till we come to holier ground,
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomie covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a freind to gratulate

His

His wish't préfence , and beside
 All the Swains that there abide ,
 With Iiggs, and rurall dance resort,
 Wee shiall catch them at their sport ,
 And our suddaine comming there
 Will double all their mirth, and chere,
 Come let us hast the starrs are high
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid skie.

*The Scene changes presenting Ludlow towne and the
 Presidents Castle, then come in Countrie dancers, af-
 ter them the attendant Spirit with the two Brothers
 and the Ladie.*

Song.

Spir. *Back shepheards, back enough your play ,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday ,
 Here be without duck or nod ,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns , and on the leas.*

This second Song præsents them
 to their father and mother.

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
 I have brought yee new delight ,
 Here behold so goodly growne.
 Three faire branches of your owne ,
 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth ,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,*

F

And

*And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crowne of deathlesse Praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O're sensuall Folly, and Intemperance.*

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilogizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I flie,
 And those happie climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Vp in the broad fields of the skie:
 There I suck the liquid ayre
 All amidst the gardens faire
 Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree,
 Along the crisped shades, and bowres
 Revells the spruce and jocond Spring,
 The Graces, and the rosie-bosom'd Howres.
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there æternall Summer dwells
 And west winds, with muskie wing
 About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia's* balinie smells.
Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Then her purs'd scarfe can shew,
 And drenches with *Elysian* dew
 (List mortalls, if your cares be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth*, and roses)
 Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deepe wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground

Sadly

Sadly fits th' *Assyrian* Queene ;
 But farre above in spangled sheene
 Celestiall *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't,
 Holds his deare *Psyche* sweet intranc't
 After her wandring labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his æternall Bride,
 And from her faire unspotted side
 Two blisfull twins are to be borne,
 Youth, and Ioy ; so *Iove* hath sworne.

But now my taske is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the greene earths end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soare as soone
 To the corners of the Moone.

Mortalls that would follow me,
 Love vertue, she alone is free,
 She can teach yee how to clime
 Higher then the Sphærie chime ;
 Or if vertue feeble were
 Heav'n it selfe would stoope to her.

The principall persons in this Maske ; were

The Lord BRACLY,	} The Lady ALICE
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON,	
	EGERTON.

The End.

**PHASED
DETERIORATION**

CONSERVATION 1993

